3.

THE CVCKOW.

At, etiam cubat cuculus: ſurge amator, i domum.

K. 6

RICHARDVS NICCOLS,
in Artibus Bac. Oxon.
Aulæ Mag.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *F. K.* and are to be ſold
by *W. C.* 1607.

TO HIS WORSHIPFVL GOOD FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS WROTH

an affecter and fauourer of

the Muſes.

THis Cuckowes poem let me thus excuſe
To you (deare friend, the Patron of my verſe)
Though ſome blind night-born *Momus* it abuſe,
As but a ieſt vnworthy to reherſe:
Yet who ſuch ieſts, as this ſhall idly blame,
Shall for their meede merit a Cuckowes name.

I ſpeake not this; but that in future time,
When as my wit with riper fruit ſhall grow,
My *Muſe* may ſpeake to thee in ſweeter ryme,
And for thy worth ſome grauer poem ſhow:
Meane time accept of what I heere do bring,
Though Cuckow-like my *Muſe* doth harſhly ſing.

Yours at commaund,

R. NICCOLLS.

TO THE READER.

I Know that the nature of our Cuckow is a thing ſo well knowne, that I neede not deſpaire of any mans knowledge herein; and therefore for me (eſpecially in theſe parts where it is ſo well knowne) to preſent only a Cuckow, were to bring an Owle to Athens, *a bird better knowne there then a Cuckow. Wherefore (gentle Reader) leauing the literall expoſition to him, that is better skild in the nature of a Cuckow, then my ſelfe, I remit the cauſe of my affect in this ſubiect, to thy deeper conſideration. To the prodigall want-wits of our age, that are either too curious to contemne al, or too free to affect all, let them know, that I neither deſpaire at the furious frownes of the one, neither relie vpon the fawning fancie of the other: only I ſubmit my ſelfe to the cenſure of him, that is more then a meere reader, to whom I do impart part of my poore poeticall skill, vpon which I haue beſtowed ſome idle houres; idle I call them, not in diſgrace of ſo famous a skill: but to giue the world notice, that I make it not the chiefe part of my profeſſion: but rather place it amongſt thoſe things of accomplement required in a ſcholar, or gentleman; which if (gentle Reader) thou ſhalt gently accept, my new borne* Muſe, *that now ſings harſh and hoarſe in the ſhape of a Cuckow, may by thy incouragement hereafter ſing to thee in a more pleaſing note. And ſo wiſhing, that her obſcuritie and vnacquaintance with thee, bee not the barre of her good intertainment in thy conceit, as being but a ſtranger: yet as friend, I bid thee*

Farewell.

THE

THE CVCKOVV.

WHen *Perſeus* bride, that ſtarre of heauen had fled
The Dragons paw by helpe of *Gorgons* head,
And on the ſea-gods golden-edged brim
Her gold-out-gliſtring lockes began to trim:
Then did the luſtie Ram with horned creſt
Rouſe vp *Europas* grim-curl'd-headed beaſt,
Who loudly bellowing did chaſe away
The tedious night, and call'd backe cheerefull day.
For then *Hyperions* ſon, the daies bright king
In pompe did court the Ladie of the ſpring;
And ſhe againe in all her rich aray
Did wanton with him in laſciuious play,
Vntill her wombe with loues ſweet fruit did grow,
The ſweeteſt fruit, that wombe did euer ſhow:
For it brought forth the worlds admired birth,
The faire dame *Flora*, the faireſt child on earth;
Who in ſhort time did grow ſo great in fame
For needle worke, that neuer any dame,
Although her cunning were exceeding rare
With faire dame *Floraes* skill might make compare:
To ſhow the which, the world ſhe ſet on wing
Of ſweet delight, to welcome in the ſpring:
The mountaine tops ſhe clad in coate of greene,
And ſpotted them with gold as they had been
Starrie *Olympi*; and the vales below
She deckt with daintier worke, then art can ſhow;
Vpon the ground mantled in verdent hew,

Out of her fruitfull lap each day ſhe threw,
The choiceſt flowers, that any curious eye
In natures garden euer did eſpie:
The loftie trees, whoſe leauie lockes did ſhake
And with the wind did daliance ſeeme to make,
Shee with ſweet breathing bloſſomes did adorne,
That ſeem'd to laugh the winter paſt to ſcorne,
Who when mild *Zephirus* did gently blow
Delightfull odors round about did throw;
While ioyous birds beneath the leauie ſhade,
With pleaſant ſinging ſweet reſpondence made
vnto the murmuring ſtreames, that ſeem'd to play
With ſiluer ſhels, that in their boſom lay:
Thus with delight did *Flora* decke each thing
To welcome in her mother ioyfull ſpring,
Who had not long triumph'd in this our clime
Before the tidings of her ioyous prime
Were ſpread abroad, which, when thoſe birds that ſhrunke
Into the wooden walles of hollow trunck,
For truth did heare, abroad they boldly came
To welcome Lady *Ver*, that louely dame;
Mong'ſt whom two chiefe there were, *Dan* Cuckow hight;
In whom god *Vulcans* loue tooke moſt delight,
The other that ſweet ſinger *Philomel*,
Or *Caſta* hight, whom *Phœbe* loued well:
Theſe two were chiefe, that in contention ſtood
Amongſt the pleaſant ſingers of the wood
To be chiefe carroler and lead the ring,
Of all the reſt to welcome in the ſpring.
Dan Cuckow was a bird hatcht in that houre,
When *Mars* did ſport in *Cythereas* bowre,
Whereby the note, which his hoarſe voice doth beare

Is harſh and fatall to the wedded eare:
But little *Philomela* farre more bleſt
Was foſter'd in faire *Phœbes* owne deare breſt,
Whom ſhe no more the Nightingale did name;
But to conſort her nature to the ſame
Shee call'd her *Caſta*, word of much import,
And made her chiefe of birds in their conſort.
Betwixt *Dan* Cuckow and this little bird
Th'approach of ſpring a great contention ſtird,
Who ſhould be deem'd the chiefe of birds to bring
The happie tidings of th'approaching ſpring:
For *Philomel* once in a pearlie morne,
When heauen with ſun-bright lookes did earth adorne
Hearing each bird record her curious lay,
Vnto the wood with ſpeed did take her way,
Where ſhee did preſſe into the thickeſt throng
And did ſo ſweetly in delicious ſong
Chaunt out aloude her welcome to the ſpring,
That all the birds did ceaſe to heare her ſing:
But as ſhe ſate admir'd of euery one,
Redoubling quauers in diuiſion,
And ſweetly warbling out that chaſte ſet ſong,
Which *Phœbe* taught to her when ſhee was young,
Dan Cuckow came, and from his greedie throate
breathing out ditties of an vnchaſt note,
As wroth that other birds ſhould ſeeke to make
Her miſtres of the quier, thus boldly ſpake:
Thou wretch (ſaid he) what high aſpiring ſpirit
Doth harbor in thy breſt? what is thy merit
That thou ſhould'ſt be chiefe carroler to ſing
Amongſt vs all to welcome in the ſpring?
Is not my dame the goddeſſe of delight,

And Queene of Loue, whoſe altars are bedight
With broad blowne bloſſomes of the blooming ſpring,
Of budding youth: then ceaſe and let mee ſing;
For I of birds am chiefeſt in her ſight
And in my ditties ſhe takes moſt delight:
Then ceaſe thou fondling ceaſe, and let me ſing
A pleaſing welcome to the wanton ſpring.
This ſaid, he chaunted out his wonted lay,
Which did in woods all wedded birds affray:
But little *Caſta* nought at all diſmaide,
Being ſafely ſhrowded in the leauie ſhade
Return'd this ſhort replie: (Cuckow) (quoth ſhee)
What thou haſt ſaid, I graunt; yet now heare me.
Where daintie dames are dight to wanton ſin
Looſely araid youths wandring eyes to win,
Whom ſlick-hair'd ſlipper-loſſels do diſpoile
Of beauties, bud with loues ſweete ſeeming toile,
While ſmock ſworne boyes ſtand by and keepe account,
How oft aloft they luſtily do mount;
There with good right may thy harſh ſounding throate
Without controll record thy baſtard note.
But in all woods, where my faire virgin dame
With her chaſte Nymphes did keepe laborious game
To ſlacke the ſtrength of loues bow-bending ſtring,
Thou muſt not ſpeake thy welcome to the ſpring:
For *Phœbes* ſelfe with all her Nymphes conſent
Did make me cheefe of birds, for that intent.
This ſaid, *Dan* Cuckow perfect in the ſleight
Of cunning guile, and knowing loues delight
Had thrill'd their hearts, that in faire *Phœbes* groue
Once rang'd at will in ſcorne of Ladie loue,
Made this replie: (quoth he) ſeeing thou doſt vaunt

Of

Of *Phœbe* and her Nymphes, thereby to daunt
My courage in this claime, I do agree,
That they decide the cauſe 'twixt thee and mee;
And if they iudge thy note the ſweeter ſound,
Cheefe ſinger of the quier, thou ſhalt be crown'd:
But if to them my ſong more pleaſing be,
To make me cheefe in woods, thou ſhalt agree.
Caſta being ſwift to giue ſuch counſell eare
Suppoſing *Phœbes* Nymphes, ſuch loue did beare
To chaſter thoughts, that they would all deteſt
The vnchaſte dittie of *Dan* Cuckowes breſt,
Was well contented that it ſhould be ſo
And with *Dan* Cuckow for this cauſe did go,
Vnto the bower of bliſſe, for ſo it hight,
Where then thoſe Nymphes to be did moſt delight.
It is a place, that thoughts cannot deuiſe
A plot more like vnto a Paradiſe;
Shall I compare it to *Cytheron* greene,
On which the warre-god did compreſſe loues queene,
Or to *Adonis* garden farre renown'd,
In which eternall ſpring is euer found?
O farre more pleaſant is this pleaſant place,
Then all the blisfull bowers beneath heauens face!
It ſeated is farre in a pleaſant wood,
Where many a loftie Iouiall tree hath ſtood,
Not much vnlike, that wood by thornie groue
Full of the tree erected vnto *Ioue*,
Which ſeated is vpon the Northern Strand,
Where *Saxon Segberts* ſacred tower doth ſtand,
By which the Prince of *Albions* watrie deepes
From the French Ocean with ſwift currant ſweepes,
Wafting each yeare by his Labrynthian ſtrand,

More then a thouſand keele from forren land,
Who oft, when *Boreas* at their ſafetie raues,
And with proud blaſts doth cuffe the ſiluer waues,
Do nimblie fetch *Lauoltoes* vp and downe
Vpon the waues in ſcorne of *Boreas* frowne:
And ſuch a famous wood, as that, is this,
In which doth ſtand the pleaſant bower of bliſſe:
Vnto the which, when as *Dan* Cuckow came
Knowing each way, that led throughout the ſame,
With *Philomel* he tooke the ready way,
Which to the bower of bliſſe directly lay;
Where in the way they both amazed ſtood
To ſee the pleaſance of that pleaſant wood,
There many bliſſefull bowers they did behold;
Whoſe dwellers neither vext with heate nor cold
Did there enioy all things, that might delight
The curious eie of any liuing wight:
For plentie there to lauiſh in her gift
Furniſht each place in ſcorne of niggard thrift;
There many Nymphes of more then heauenly hew
Had their abode; although alas but few
Amongſt them all did come of heauenly kind,
So hard it is to gaine the gifts of mind:
Yet ſtately portance, vnto them was giuen
And in proportion like the ſtates of heauen
They bare themſelues: yet want both will and power
From loues aſſault to ſhield faire beauties bower
And more to beautifie the goodly frames,
Which God and nature gaue theſe goodly dames,
Gentrie their cradles at their birth did rock
And drew their linage from an auncient ſtock:
But what alas auailes the vading flower

Of beauties bud in thoſe, that haue no power
To guid the leaſt part of the weaker ſence
And learne the leſſon of pure continence?
Or what is birth to thoſe, that ſo they winne
The ſeeming ſweetnes of alluring ſinne?
Baſtard their birth and all their ſtock depraue
To gaine the thing, which appetite doth craue:
Beautie in ſuch, though much, is but diſgrace,
And high borne birth, though kingly, yet but baſe.
For faire is foule, where vertue is vnknowne,
And birth is baſe, where gifts of grace are none.
From hence *Dan* Cuckow with faire *Philomel*,
(Acquainted with each paſſage very well)
Forward proceeded in this pleaſant wood
Vntill they came vnto that place, where ſtood
The bower of bliſſe it ſelfe, ſo fairely deckt,
That neuer eye beheld ſo faire aſpect:
In th'outer portch ſate many a ſlick-hear'd Squier
Of pleaſing ſemblance, full of looſe deſire,
Of feature fit to feaſt a Ladies eie;
But manlie exerciſe vnfit to trie:
Their cunning did conſiſt in ſleights of loue,
With which from loyaltie they oft did moue
Ladies fraile hearts: for vnto many a one
They vow'd themſelues; though faithful vnto none,
Vnto the ſecrets of the vnchaſte ſheet
They ſworne were, an oath for ſuch vnmeet:
For which their ſeruice oftentimes they fed
On ranſackt ſweetnes of the nuptiall bed:
But let not ſuch diſcourſe defile my pen
With argument, of ſuch reprochfull men;
Let it ſuffice that ſuch, as they do bring

Dan Cuckow heere to welcome in our ſpring.
Mong'ſt theſe, there was a ſquier of greateſt place
And cheefeſt held in that great Ladies grace,
Which dwelt in this ſame bower: for many a night
With her he ſtole a ſnatch of loues delight:
For he was luſtie, young, fit for her tooth,
And her great wealth did well content his youth.
Yet he was falſe, diſloyall to his dame;
For in his common talke deuoid of ſhame
He of his Ladies fauour was too francke,
For which I con that louer little thanke;
He was the vſher to this daintie dame
And *Vanitie* men gaue him vnto name,
To whom *Dan* Cuckow often louting low
By his obſequious ſignes his mind did ſhow
And chaunted out to *Philomels* diſgrace
His vnchaſte note, well knowne in that ſame place:
For this ſame Squier full well I wot did know
Dan Cuckowes note and vnto him did go,
Where ſeeing little *Caſta* by him ſtand,
Cauſe of their comming friendly did demaund:
Dan Cuckow proud of ſuch an intertaine
Did tell the iarre begun betwixt them twaine,
Who ſhould be cheefe of all the birds to ſing
As herbenger to welcome in the ſpring,
And now to end the ſame, they both were come
Agreed to ſtand vnto the wood-Nymphes doome;
Wherefore they crau'd acceſſe vnto his dame,
That with her Nymphes ſhe might decide the ſame:
This gentle Squier ſoone graunted their requeſts
And kindlie did conduckt his new come gueſts
Into an inward court, where they ſhould ſtay,

Till

Till to his dame their meſſage he did ſay;
Where, while they ſtaid, with great delight they ſpent
The time in viewing this faire continent,
This bower of bliſſe, this paradiſe of pleaſure,
Where lauiſh plentie did exceed all meaſure;
The inner portch ſeem'd entrance to intice,
It faſhion'd was with ſuch quaint rare deuice,
The top with cannopie of greene was ſpred
Thicken'd with leaues of th'Iuies wanton hed,
About the which the *Eglentine* did twine
His prickling armes the branches to combine,
Bearing ſweete flowers of more then fragrant odour,
Which ſtellified the roofe with painted colour;
On either ſide the vine did broad dilate
His ſwollen veines with wreathings intricate,
Whoſe bunches to the ground did ſeeme t'incline,
As freely offring of their luſcious wine:
Through this ſame portch went many a worthy wight
Vnto the bower of bliſſe, both day and night,
Who at their entrance freſh and fluſh as May
Did beare themſelues adorn'd in rich aray:
But few return'd without the common curſe
Of ſtrange diſeaſe of emptineſſe in purſe,
Who wanting golden ſhewers for *Danaes* lap,
As diſcontented with their ſad miſhap
Walkt to and fro, forlorne in deepe diſdaine
With willow braunch, for priſe of all their paine.
From this ſame portch, a walke directly lay,
Which to the bower it ſelfe did leade the way
With fruit-trees thicke beſet on either ſide,
Whoſe goodly fruit themſelues did ſeeme to hide
Beneath the leaues, as lurking from the eies

Of ſtrangers greedie view, fearing ſurpriſe,
Whoſe arched bowes and leauie twigs together
With true loue knots intangled each in other,
Seem'd painted walles, on which when *Zephire* blew
They ſpread themſelues, diſcloſing vnto view
The bloſſomes, buds, the birds and painted flies,
That in their leaues lay hid from ſtrangers eies;
This walke of people neuer emptie was:
For to the bower of bliſſe one could not paſſe;
But that the way did ſwarme with ietting iacks,
Who bare vpon their french diſeaſed backes,
Whole manners, caſtles, townes and Lordſhips ſold
Cut out in clippings and in ſhreds of gold:
Their chambring fortitude they did deſcrie
By their ſoft maiden voice and flickering eie,
Their womans manhood by their cloaths perfum'd,
Coy lookes, curl'd lockes, and thin beards halfe conſum'd,
Whoſe nice, effeminate and baſe behauiour
Was counted comely, neate and cleanly geſture;
This pleaſant walke, when gentle *Philomel*
And Cuckow her proud foe had viewed well
Paſſing forth, one loe there they did behold
High lifted vp with loftie roofe of gold
The bower of bliſſe, in which there did abide
The Ladies ſelfe, that ſhould their cauſe decide,
On which the heauens ſtill in a ſtedfaſt ſtate
Look't alway blithe, diuerting froward fate,
Not ſuffering ycie froſt, or ſcorching ſunne
To vex th'inhabitants, that there did wonne:
For there eternall ſpring doth euer dwell,
Nay they of other ſeaſon ought can tell,
They labour not with hands of induſtrie

To furrow vp the earthes fertilitie,
Bubbles of ſweate decline not from their brow,
Ne ſtooping labour makes their backes to bow:
Yet plentie of all fruits vpon their ground,
Seedleſſe and artleſſe euery where is found:
Vnto this bower *Dan* Cuckow and his mate
Approaching nigh, loe ſtanding at the gate,
Which framed was of pureſt Iuorie
All painted ore with many a hiſtorie,
So ſweetly wrought, that arte in them did ſeeme
To mocke at nature as of no eſteeme,
Eftſoones they heard a pleaſing harmonie
Of muſikes moſt melodious minſtralſie,
Where ſweet voic'd birds, ſoft winds and waters fall,
With voice and Violl made agreement all,
The birds vnto the voice did ſweetly ſing,
The voice did ſpeake vnto the Viols ſtring,
That to the wind did ſound now high now low,
The wind to waters fall did gently blow;
Thus birds, voice, Violl, winds and waters all
Did ſing, did ſpeake, did ſound, did blow, did fall:
As thus *Dan* Cuckow and his oppoſite,
The Nightingale ſtood harkening with delight
Vnto this muſike, loe that Squire came
Hight *Vanitie* with anſwere from his dame,
That 'gainſt the morne themſelues they ſhould prepare,
Their cauſe in ample manner to declare;
For with her Nymphes in iudgement ſhe would ſit,
And which of them, they ſhould eſteeme moſt fit,
She would denounce for cheefe in woods to ſing,
As herbinger vnto the ioyfull ſpring:
This newes did glad them both; for both did feed

Them-

Themſelues with hope: although but one could ſpeed
And both prepar'd each other to excell
In the next morne, to beare away the bell:
The little *Philomel* with curious care,
Sitting alone her ditties did prepare,
And many tunes, whoſe harmonie did paſſe
All muſike elſe that ere inuented was;
One while the meane part ſhee did ſweetly warble,
The tennor now, the Baſe and then the trebble:
Then all at once with many parts in one,
Diuiding ſweetly in diuiſion;
Now ſome ſweete ſtraine to mind ſhe doth reſtore,
Which all the winter ſhee had conn'd before,
And with ſuch cunning deskants thereupon,
That curious art nere doctrin'd any one
With Lute, with Violl, or with voice in quier,
That to her matchleſſe muſike might aſpire:
Meane time *Dan* Cuckow, knowing that his voice
Had no varietie, no change, no choice:
But through the weſand pipe of his harſh throate
Cri'd only Cuckow, that prodigious note,
That want with wits ſupplie he did amend,
And made that Squier, *Vanitie* his friend,
Who did ſo worke for him, as it befell,
That iudgement went againſt poore *Philomel.*
The time came on, and th'Opall coloured morne,
Bright-cheekt *Aurora* leauing all forlorne
Old *Tython* in his bed, did vp ariſe
Opening the gates of the orientall skies,
Through which the daies bright king came dauncing out
With glorious golden lockes beſpread about
His ſhoulders broad; from whence ſuch luſter came,

That

That all the world did ſeeme a golden flame:
For then *Auroraes* trumpe, the peaſants clocke,
Daies herbinger, the bloody creſted cocke
With flaggie wings had beate black night away,
And ſung ſweet tidings of approaching day,
At which both birds vp ſtarting from their reſt
Quaintly to plead their cauſe, themſelues addreſt,
Which with her Nymphes, that day in ſolemne ſtate
The Ladie of this bower ſhould debate,
Which flying fame vpon her wings did beare,
Making it vulgar newes in euery eare,
And with her ſiluer trumpe did Echo out
Report thereof, in all the woods about;
Which once being blowen abroad, all the whole quier
Of ſingers in the wood with great deſire,
(To know in this ſame ſtrife, who ſhould preuaile
Dan Cuckow, or the little *Nightingale*)
Came flocking through the aire, and as they flew,
Their diuers warbling notes about they threw;
There came the Larke, who ſtill as ſhe did flie
With outſtretcht' wings aſpir'd the cloud brow'd skie,
There Progne came who did preſent for food
In tragicke feaſt, her owne deare *Itis* blood
To bloodie *Tereus*, in auengment fell
Of ſiſter deare *Pandions Philomel*,
Who now transform'd vnto the ſent-ſtrong Swallow,
Shaftlike did flie through the ayres concaue hollow;
With theſe there came the Thruſh, that loues the grape,
The ſpeckled Spinck, that liues by gummie ſappe,
The Redbreſt ſweet, that loues the lookes of men,
The luſtfull Sparrow and the little Wren,
The chattering Pie, the quick conceited Stare,

The golden Finch and Linnot singing rare
With many more, whose notes the aire did fill
With true consort, sweet worke of natures skill,
Who to the bower of blisse did take their way,
To heare the iarre decided, that same day,
Which the approach of spring did late excite
Betwixt *Dan* Cuckow and his opposite:
The place, in which this matter should be tride
Was in a greene pailde round on euery side,
In which was pight a stately cannopie;
For that great Ladie and her companie,
Many a courtly Nymph of great estate,
That should that day *Dan* Cuckowes cause debate;
Who being pearcht aloft in open sight
Vpon a leaueless braunch, had well y dight
And deckt his plumes to make a pleasant show,
When he should pleade his cause against his foe,
Who on the other side her selfe did place,
In hope *Dan* Cuckow foulely to disgrace,
Not doubting but those Nymphes for *Phœbes* sake
In this so iust a cause, her part would take:
The time being come, loe like as when *Ioues* bride,
Heauens Iuory fingered queene in pompe doth ride
To heauens high court, aboue the Planets seauen,
To sit in counsell with the gods of heauen:
Euen so forth comes that faire renowmed dame,
Chiefest of all the bower of blisse, that came
To iudge the controuersie that betell,
Betwixt *Dan* Cuckow and faire *Philomel*,
Shee was a Ladie gaudie in attire
And to content th'affect of her desire,
Th'earthes golden bowels often wounded were

And th'Indian ſlaue with ſteele did often teare
The hard rockes rubie ribs in hope to find
Treaſure to pleaſure her diſdainfull mind:
Proudly ſhe paſ'd it with a princely gate,
As earth had been too meane for her eſtate,
Looking to heauen with her diſdainfull eies;
For humble obiect ſhe did ſtill diſpiſe:
Yet was her birth but meane, and her eſteeme
Reſpectiuely compar'd, but baſe did ſeeme,
Looſely ſhe was aray'd in wanton weed
Which wanderers eies did with inticement feed,
For ſhe was clad in robe of tiſſue thinne,
Through which ſo brim appear'd her ſnowie skin,
That it did ſeeme to thoſe, that did it ſee,
No whit obſcur'd, but farre more white to bee;
Her Iuorie breſts did euer open lie
To readie ſpoile of gazers greedie eie,
And both her lillie paps were bare to winne
Her louers melting heart to wanton ſinne;
Her name the which was *Meehafaſto* hight
Her double nature did expreſſe aright:
With her there hither came a goodly crew
Of louely Nymphes of ſeeming Angels hue,
Featur'd each where in bodies lineament,
As if they late had left the firmament,
Or as if heauens diuine triplicitie,
Out of ſome fift vnknowne ſimplicitie,
For there complexions hue had fram'd ſome mixture,
Paſſing the homely gift of common nature:
But pitie 'twas, ſuch angell ſeeming creatures
With vlcerous minds deform'd ſuch heauenly features:
For they were wanton, full of looſe deſire

And in their heart did nouriſh luſtfull fire,
With glauncing lookes, like ſummers euening lights
They could allure the raſh beholders ſights,
And *Heliotropon*-like with ſun-like skill
Could cauſe ſoft hearts to turne vnto their will,
When they liſt ſpeake, their words like to a lake
Breaking through rocks of rubie, ſeem'd to make
Celeſtiall muſike with their pleaſing ſound,
Amongſt the ſiluer pearles, that ſtood around,
With which they *Syren*-like could often moue
Modeſt *Hypolitus* to wanton loue,
They all acoutered were in ſundrie faſhion,
Seeming t'haue been all of a ſeuerall nation,
Some in the antique Roman Lords attire
Did ſhape themſelues, as ſeeming to aſpire
Some captaines place, or as if they had been
Symiramis, that manlike monſter queene,
In Perſian looſe aray, ſome did delight,
Or rather diſaray, ſo looſely dight,
In the french doublet ſome againe did iet
wanting but ſlops to make a man compleat,
Some on their heads did beare the fatall ſigne,
Which of fooles future fortune did diuine,
Others againe Morisko caps did weare
Maid-marrian-like with brooches in each eare
And Indian-like did paint inch thicke in view;
Though natures red and white were Angels hew.
Thus with their faſhions ſtrange varietie,
They did bewray their minds inormitie:
For things externall ſought with ſtrong affect,
Internall thoughts both good and bad detect,
Which, when the little *Coſta* did behold

Poore bird her fearefull heart did wax ſtone cold:
But now too late ſhee did repent, that ſhee
Had made them iudges of her cauſe to bee:
For thither now, they were alreadie come
According to their minds to giue their doome,
Where heapes of people thronging in the way
Did earlie waite for them by breake of day
To know, what bird ſhould beare away the bell
The baſtard Cuckow or faire *Philomel:*
The iudges being ſet, vp ſtraight did ſtand,
The crier of the court who did command
High, with ſhrill voice and great authoritie
A generall ſilence through the companie;
Which done forth ſtept the little *Caſta* hight,
Who being pearcht aloft in open ſight
After obeyſance to thoſe damſels made,
That were as iudges ſet, thus boldly ſaid:
(Faireſt of faire) who from the ioyous prime
Of your great birth, vntill this very time,
Haue trained been in this celeſtiall place,
This bower of bliſſe in vertue and in grace,
For vertues ſake vouchſafe with ſilent pauſe
To heare poore *Philomela* plead her cauſe.
What once I haue been, now I need not tell,
Nor what I am, I know, yee know it well:
Yee know, that once, when in great Athens towne
My Sire, good king *Pandion* wore the crowne,
A Ladie then I was, as now yee bee
And daughter to a king, till wo is mee,
The *Thracian* king, whoſe luſt-burnt thoughts did flame
And burne in foule deſire, did worke my ſhame:
In *Thracian* woods (O euer be forgot

The place in which mine honor he did blot)
In *Thracian* woods (I say) the tyrant fell
Vnto his will did force poore *Philomel,*
And left his wicked acte I should descrie
The cruell edged steele he did applie
Vnto my tongue, and with most bitter smart
Did rob me of the Echo of my heart:
All this and more then this, yee all do know
So common is poore *Philomelaes* woe.
Yee know likewise how in auengement fell
My furious sister, *Progne* did compell
The lustfull *Tereus* in a fatall feast
To swallow downe into his lust-burnt brest
His owne deare sonne, his *Itis*, that sweet youth,
Whose death breeds in my heart eternall ruth:
For which when as the tyrant did decree
With wrathfull sword to wreake reuenge on me
Heauen pittie tooke and gaue to me this shape,
By which his fell intent I did escape,
And as an exile from all mens abode
I since haue liued in the desert wood,
Where sitting once on humble thorne alone
And in my wofull ditties making mone
For my old Sire, *Pandion*, that good King,
Whose timelesse death my sad mischance did bring;
Loe, That great Huntresse of renowmed fame,
The Ladie *Phœbe* following the game,
In the wild wood hath silent stood in pittie
To heare the sad tunes of my dolefull dittie,
And being mou'd with deepe remorse of mind
That fates had been so cruell and vnkind
'Gainst me poore wretch, she did vouchsafe to show

Compaſſion towards me in my bitter woe.
While in theſe woods and forreſts ſhe did vſe,
Mong'ſt all the quier for chiefe, ſhe did me chuſe
To be her bird, and while ſhee was my dame
Not *Philomel*, but *Caſta* was my name,
And, for I was the daughter of a King,
Shee made me cheefe of all the quier to ſing,
And in her woods ordained me the ſhade
To ſhroude my ſelfe from *Tereus* bloodie blade:
But loe alas, what time hath brought to paſſe,
Loe heere a tyrant, worſe then *Tereus* was,
Loe heere *Dan* Cuckow my ſterne enemie
Claiming my right with proud authoritie,
Who this ſame bliſſefull place as death did ſhun,
When as my dame in theſe ſame woods did wonne.
(O) how it irkes me, that a bird ſo baſe
Pandions princely daughter ſhould diſgrace,
Who by condition of his qualitie
Vnto the world diſcries his baſtardie:
Is't not inough, that once I being a dame
Y borne of auncient Kings of worthie fame,
Now liue a bird loathing mans companie
In deſert woods for loue to chaſtitie,
And in the echoing mountaines loudly ſing
Phœbes chaſte ſong, when as the luſtie ſpring
Stirres vp young bloods, that with my chaſter layes
I may recall them from their wanton waies:
But muſt a bird the baſeſt of the crue
In all the woods ſtand vp to wreſt my due
Vnto his lot, which *Phœbe* did ordaine
Should vnto me for euermore remaine:
Nor is it yet enough alas, that I

From ſtately palaces of kings do flie,
Still dreading *Tereus* lothſome luxurie
To liue in woods farre from all companie?
But muſt another *Tereus* ſeeke t'expell
From woods likewiſe the forlorne *Philomel?*
Alas if ſo, where ſhall I hide my head,
Where ſhall I ſhun th'ineuitable dread
Of bloodie *Tereus* hot luſt-ſparkling face,
If nor in woods, nor houſe I ſhall haue place?
To you therefore (faire Nymphes) to your iuſt doome
That as the vmpiers of my cauſe are come
I do appeale, not doubting but the loue
You beare to *Phœbes* name your hearts will moue
In this ſo iuſt a cauſe to pittie mee,
That was as deare to her as deare might bee;
Which if yee do, your fame ſhall neuer die
And *Caſtas* ſelfe ſhall ſing your praiſe on hie.
This ſaid, ſhee breathed from her breſt ſo cleare
The ſweeteſt layes, that eare did euer heare,
To which all other birds about the place
Did tune their diuers notes to do her grace,
As in approuance of her worth to ſing
As chiefe in woods to welcome in the ſpring,
Which did ſo daunt *Dan* Cuckowes daring pride,
That oft he thought his ſhamefull head to hide:
But knowing well that he had friends in place
That of thoſe partiall Nymphes had got him grace,
Feare ſet aſide, and his obeyſance made,
Vnto thoſe Nymphes theſe words he boldly ſaid:
(Yee glorious offspring of great honors bed,
Vertues faire impes, mirrors of womanhed,
Bright Angel-like ſweet Nymphes, whoſe beauties blaze

Adornes

Adornes the world like *Tytans* golded rayes)
Vouchſafe with gentle patience for a ſpace
Your gratious ſilence, while I pleade my caſe.
The iarre begun betwixt my foe and me,
The ſubiect of my purpſ'd ſpeech ſhould be;
But firſt both words and wit, I muſt applie
To make an anſwere to mine enemie.
Though of my birth no boaſter I will be
Seeing in this cauſe it nought auaileth me;
Yet, that I may, that ſcandaliſme refute,
Which my falſe foe doth vnto me impute,
Know that *Ioues* bird, the Eagle prince of ayre
Did foſter me being young with tender care,
In whoſe proud neaſt ybuilt, in *Iouiall* tree
My dame by ſecret ſtelth conueied me.
In that ſame clime, where *AEſtas* ſits in pride
Beneath the tropick of hot ſommers guide,
The crabbed *Cancer*, where in earthes coole cels,
The hot ſun painted people euer dwels,
Not far from whence great *Nilus* euermore
With fruitfull waues doth waſh th'Egyptian ſhore,
There was I bred, and there my fame firſt grew,
Which thence long ſince about the wide world flew.
For South from thence the land of *Cyprus* lies,
Whereas the people vſe to ſacrifice
To loues faire Queene, of whom I wonne great grace,
When ſhe was wroth with people of that place:
For once being ſore offended with them all
And muſing with her ſelfe, what plague ſhould fall
Vpon their heads, ſhe chaunc'd to caſt her eie
Vpon an horne, which ſhe did ſoone applie
Vnto their browes, whereby they ſtraight forſooke

Their former ſhape, and Oxe-like was their looke:
But they blind buzzards could not ſee the ſame,
Whereby the leſſer was their griefe and ſhame,
Till ore their goodly heads, I wau'd my wing
And cuckow in their eares aloud did ſing;
Which when they heard, like raging Buls they bore
Their loftie heads, and with loud bellowing rore
Did ſhow their iealous thoughts: for which men ſay
They called are *Ceraſtes* to this day:
And for this fact of mine the *Cyprian* dame,
The Queene of loue did giue to me for name
The ſong, which I did ſing and did decree,
That I thence forth her only bird ſhould be;
She bore me to that garden of great fame,
Which yet of her *Adonis* beares the name,
Where ſhe her ſelfe did teach me how to ſing,
Her ſweet delights vnto the youthfull ſpring;
And did appoint, that the yeares youthly prime
Should be the ſeaſon of my ſinging time:
For well ſhe knew, that ſeaſon did belong
Vnto the nature of my pleaſant ſong;
As for my foe, although her layes be ſweet:
Yet be they ſad patheticall vnmeet
To be recorded, when the luſtie ſpring
Tidings of pleaſure to the world doth bring,
More fit with little Redbreſt on a thorne
To beare a part, and helpe her for to mourne
For loſſe of ſommer, when cold winters breath
To all our pleaſures threatens hatefull death:
Then (gentle dames, great Ladies of delight)
Who in this bower of bliſſe both day and night
haue your abode, where winter neuer lowres

Ne on your heads powres downe his ſtormie ſhewers;
Let it be ſeene that ye haue need of none
The ſommer paſt in winter to bemone:
So ſhall *Dan* Cuckow ſing your laſting praiſe
Before loues Queene in his delightfull laies.
This ſaid, he chaunted out his Cuckows ſong,
Which laughter bred among'ſt the thickeſt throng,
Nor any prettie bird about the place
Would in their ſong vouchſafe to do him grace.
But ſee the chaunce the Nymphes being in a pauſe
And in conſult how to decide this cauſe,
And each one being huſht with greedie eare
To heare that ſentence, which they leaſt did feare,
Of all the Nymphes vp ſtood the chiefeſt dame
And thus this vniuſt ſentence did proclaime:
(O all yee ſingers of the woods ſweet quier)
Heare now the doome, which ye did long deſire,
And (ye) twixt whom the iarre begun but late,
As yet hangs in ſuſpence without debate,
Know that each others cauſe doth now abide
In equall ballance, which we thus decide.
Seeing to the nature of each others ſong,
Two parts of all the yeare ſeeme to belong,
That part in equall doome we will ordaine,
Which is moſt meet for either of you twaine;
Firſt touching *Philomel*, ſeeing that her dittie
Is alwaies paſſionate and mouing pittie,
Seeing with her, when ſhe ſings in wofull wiſe
The echoing mountaines ſeeme to ſympathize,
And rockes do weepe, and trees do ſeeme to grone,
When in lamenting layes ſhe liſt to mone
In that ſad time, when *Boreas* winged ſcouts

Locks vp the fruitfull *Terras* water ſpouts,
And with congealing puffes do cryſtalize
The cloud-like waues of *Neptunes* liquid skies;
Let *Philomel* in her pathetike ſtraine
For ſommers loſſe in leaueleſſe woods complaine,
Leſt, when her dolefull ditties ſhe doth ſing
She do diſturbe the pleaſance of our ſpring:
But for *Dan* Cuckow ſeeing he neuer ſings,
But when ſweet *Zephirus* on gentle wings,
Breathing good morrowes to the faire *Aurora*,
Begins each day to kiſſe his wanton *Flora*;
We thinke it meete, that he be chiefe to ſing,
Where ere he meets the Ladie of the ſpring.
And ſeeing, when earth hath loſt her flowring May
He cannot ſing for greefe of her decay,
Here let him ſtay, where he may euer ſing
Seeing heere with vs we haue eternall ſpring.
This is our doome and thus we do debate
The cauſe betwixt *Dan* Cuckow and his mate.
Thus hauing ſaid, ſhe ceaſt, and thereupon
Such murmur, as we heare in woods, that grone,
When winds rouz'd vp through hollow grounds do break,
Such noiſe was heard 'mong'ſt thoſe, that heard her ſpeake;
And all the quier of birds about the place
Did droope and hang the head, for ſuch diſgrace
To wronged *Philomel*, and for her ſake,
A mournefull melodie did ſeeme to make:
But what alas auailes their diſcontent,
Thoſe partiall iudges roſe, and with them went
Dan Cuckow ſinging his triumphant ſong,
While *Philomel* bewailes her helpeleſſe wrong,
Who being vniuſtly robbed of her right

And from the bower of bliſſe exiled quite,
Calling to mind, how that ſhe once had been
The happie daughter of a King and Queene,
And ſince that ſhe in ſhape of bird did liue,
What honor *Phœbes* ſelfe to her did giue,
Now from all future hope being quite caſt downe,
Orecome with griefe, ſhe fell in ſuddaine ſwoune,
And groueling in the duſt on her ſad breſt,
With deadly ſorrowe being ſore oppreſt,
Poore bird ſhe hung the wing and gaſp'd for breath
Seeming to yeeld vnto the panges of death;
To whom her ſiſter *Progne* ſtanding by
With ſpeed to her recouery did flie,
And houering ouer her, made pitious plaint
For to reuiue her, that began to faint,
Dead was her heart, to ſee her ſiſter lie
In ſuch a traunce and often wiſh't to die,
Shee ſtrock't her temples with her pretie beake
And rayſing vp her limbes, that were ſo weake,
With gentle touch did feele each tender part,
And ſtroue to ſtrengthen her now dying heart:
Vnto her aide the gentle Redbreſt came,
The Wren, and fruitfull Titmouſe, that ſterne dame,
Who did applie their helpe at need ſo well,
That now the flitting life of *Philomel*
Halfe conquer'd with cold death, did make retreate
Vnto the heart, the houſe of natiue heate;
Which, when her ſiſter *Progne* did eſpie
Theſe words of comfort, ſhee did ſoone applie;
(Ay me) quoth ſhe, (deare ſiſter) thou that art
Now made the image of vnpatient ſmart,
Why doſt thou not in theſe ſad paſſions ſhow

Thy wonted patience in afflicting woe,
And to our counſell lend thy liſtening eare,
The which may teach thee patiently to beare
This rufull ſorrow, which doth ſtop thy breath
And ſeekes to haſten thy vntimely death;
Speake (o deare ſiſter) ſpeake, and tell vs why
Thy ſoule with griefe oppreſt ſhould ſeeke to die.
She hauing ſaid, the wofull *Philomel*,
Whoſe ſad ſoule all this while in traunce did dwell,
Did lift vp th'heauie windowes of her eies
And ſpake theſe rufull words in wofull wiſe.
Tempeſtuous chaunce her vtmoſt ſpite hath ſpent,
And at me wretch her vtmoſt dart hath ſent,
Nor any plague is left, that ſhe can tell,
With which t'oppreſſe the forlorne *Philomel.*
For ſince the time, that I, as well you know
Was, (woe alas that now I am not ſo)
Pandions daughter in my virgins ſtate,
I haue endur'd ſterne fortunes vtmoſt hate;
Can I forget my *Thracian* ſlauerie
Beneath falſe *Tereus* luſtfull villanie,
Or ceaſe to thinke vpon my virgins rape,
With loſſe of tongue and Ladies louely ſhape?
Yea can I liue and leaue to haue in mind
Fortunes laſt wrong, not leaſt, but moſt vnkind,
Thoſe Nymphes late doome, I meane, by whoſe decree
A forlorne outcaſt I ſhall euer bee?
For from *Dan* Cuckowes ſong my ſhame doth ſpring
And where alas, will not *Dan* Cuckow ſing?
Sith then, to me poore wretch by cruell fate
Naught elſe is left of former princely ſtate?
But ſhame and woe, why do I longer feed

On

On loathed light, which wo afresh will breed?
This said, she suncke againe in deadly swound:
But *Progne* quickly rais'd her vp from ground,
Thrice did she sincke as dead, and thrice againe
Did *Progne* raise her vp with busie paine;
At last, when life her setled place did take
To comfort her, the little Wren thus spake:
Now certes madame *Philomel*, quoth shee,
You haue great cause of plaint we all do see,
The which I weene would pierce the stoutest heart
And launch the boldest brest with bleeding smart;
Yet comfort to you take, and do not you
Let passions rage rob reason of her due;
Thinke with your selfe, as now too true it is,
That in this pleasant place, this bower of blisse,
Since that *Dan* Cuckow findeth entertaine,
For vs no certaine safetie doth remaine:
For well we see the Nymphes of this same place
Haue giuen ouer that same wonted chase
Of harmefull beasts, which *Phœbe* did delite
Following strange game with greedie appetite;
Yea 'tis reported many *Satyrs* rude
Into their company themselues intrude,
By whose inticement you they did forsake
In their false doome *Dan* Cuckowes part to take:
Then do not greeue at this their vniust doome,
Ne thinke your selfe disgrac'd as ouercome
Before such dames; for grace it seemes to me
To be disgrac'd of those, that graceless be:
But swage your griefe in this so ruefull case,
And go with vs vnto our dwelling place,
Where though alone in desert place it be;

Yet there from feare of foes you ſhall be free:
For as dame Titmouſe and Redbreſt can tell
Dan Cuckow ſeldome ſings, where we do dwell,
True, (neighbour Wren) the Redbreſt did replie,
We liue in ſafetie, though in penurie;
And if dame *Philomel* with vs will go,
Such kindneſſe as poore Robbins bower can ſhow
She ſhall command, and though in that ſame wood,
None of the courtly birds haue their abode;
Yet there do many gentle ſingers dwell,
That will be louing vnto *Philomel*.
Yea; quoth the Titmouſe, neither ſhall ſhe there
Of proud *Dan* Cuckowes threatnings ſtand in feare.
For all birds there his baſtard note abhors
And euermore do make him deadly wars,
Twice ſixe ſtout ſonnes, at this ſame very houre
I haue now liuing in my little bower,
All which ſhall ſerue the wronged *Philomel*
Againſt *Dan* Cuckow, if with vs ſhe dwell:
Thus did theſe birds with gentle ſpeech aſſay
Sad *Philomelaes* greefe to driue away;
But long it was, ere ſorrow would depart,
It was ſo deepely ſetled in her heart:
Yet at the length the Swallow, *Progne* hight
Did ſo perſwade her, that ſhe tooke her flight
With little Titmouſe, Robbin and the Wren
To deſert woods farre from th'abodes of men:
But *Prognes* ſelfe returned backe againe;
To *Trinobant*, where ſhe doth ſtill remaine:
Thus from the bower of bliſſe was *Philomel*
Exil'd for aye in forraine woods to dwell
While there *Dan* Cuckow, chiefe bird did ſing

To

To tell the pleaſures of the youthfull ſpring:
The manſion houſe, in which poore *Philomel*,
Did with her new companions daily dwell,
Was in a rocke, whoſe head it ſelfe did ſhroud
In miſtie cloake of many a wandring cloud,
And whoſe thicke moſſie ſides and hollow wombe
To many a bird did yeeld much building roome,
It ſeated was downe in a valley low,
Where many a ſiluer gliding ſtreame did flow,
And leauie woods in arbor wiſe did ſtand,
As made by art, and not by natures hand.
From right ſide of this rocke, there iſſued out
A cryſtall ſpring which flowed round about
The bottome of the rock, whoſe vpper brim
Thick ſet with hearbes and flowers ſmelt ſweet and trim:
In th'hollow of this rock the humming ſwarmes
Of honie flies, whoſe bodies nature armes
With biting ſtings did beare a murmuring baſe
vnto the ſpring, that trickling downe apace
From of the rock did meanely ſeeme to warbble
Among'ſt the pibble ſtones vnto the trebble,
Which many prettie birds did ſeeme to ſing,
Houering about the rocke with painted wing:
This was the place of *Philomels* abode
With her companions in the deſert wood,
Where all the time of thoſe long laſting houres,
When as the heauenly crab with his eight oares
Doth in the ſtarrie *Zodiack* ſoftly row,
Felicitie did in abundance flow,
Whereby faire *Philomel* did find no miſſe
Of wonted pleaſure in the bower of bliſſe:
For there where curious art her helpe denide,

There natures ſelfe, that want with ſtore ſupplide:
If *Boreas* did at any time offend her
The hollow rock a remedie did lend her:
If *Phœbus* hurt her with his fierie rayes,
She found redreſſe beneath the leauie ſpraies,
To whoſe coole ſhades ſhe ſafely might retreate,
When earth did crack beneath heauens burning heate:
If ſhe did hunger after wonted baite,
The goodly fruit of euery tree did waite
Vpon her will: yea much varietie
Of painted flies for her ſatietie
At hand in this her dwelling place ſhe found,
So fruitfull was this pleaſant plot of ground:
If ſhe did thirſt, or heate did her annoy,
What pleaſure did ſhe take, what gladſome ioy
Vnto the ſiluer gliding ſtreame to flie,
That rowled through the bordering wood faſt by:
For when ſhe ſtooping ſteep'd her tender beake
Into the waue, it oft would ſeeme to breake,
And feeling her ſoft boſome pant and beate
Would bid her bath and quench her boiling heate:
Meane time flowers ſeem'd to laugh and buds to ſpring,
Trees ſeem'd to bloome and bloſſomes forth to bring,
And winds to coole the ſcorching of the ſun,
While by the brinke the currant ſmooth did run,
Which oft did pleaſe this prettie bird ſo well,
That in that place ſhe ſtill deſir'd to dwell.
But long alas, this pleaſure did not laſt;
For long it was not, ere the earth defac'd
By winters ſad approch was forc'd to leaue
That pompe, which from the ſpring ſhe did receaue;
For what thing is't ſubelementarie,

That

That ſtill continues and doth neuer varie?
What thing retaines one forme that euer liues
And place vnto another neuer giues?
Alas, nought permanent with vs doth ſtay:
For end and offspring haue ſucceſſiue ſway:
Eternall time, that auncient enemie
To vading natures prodigalitie
Remorſeleſſe of all things with Sithe cuts downe
The growing glorie of this earthes renowne;
And as he flies with ſwift wings to and fro
By his decree, all things do come and go.
And ſo at length, where *Philomel* did dwell
Sad winter came, and ſommer bad farewell.
With cold th'ayres lower region gan to ſhiuer
And daily to the earth did downe deliuer
The fleece-like yuorie flakes of heauenly ſnow,
Which from the neighbour region faſt did flow:
For then from heauens point perpendicular
Hyperion in his ſphæare orbicular
Running his wonted race with oblique courſe,
His repercuſſe beames beat with leſſer force
Vpon his butt, the ball of earth, whereby
A weake reflection, to our aire did flie:
Then did the fruitfull earth begin to faint,
When that warme wonted comfort it did want,
Which from the gentle breathing aire ſhould come,
To cheriſh vp the fruit of her bigge wombe,
Whoſe ſorrowes wrathfull winter to augment
Did muſter vp his forces with intent
To ſpoile her daughter ſweet *Pomonaes* loues
With her *Autumnus* in the ſhadie groues,
Whom to withſtand bold *Auſter*, that braue Knight

Ioyn'd forces with *Autumnus* for the fight,
And oftentimes brau'd *Boreas* in the field
Pomonaes fruits from his proud blasts to shield:
But raging *Hyems* to inforce the warre
All his bold Legions did reuoke from farre,
Which in three battailes he did thus diuide
To quell stout *Auster* and *Autumnus* pride,
The hidious stormes, that beate downe brazen wals
And horrid tempests that make tennis bals
Of mightie mountaines in the vauntgard went
To giue the onset with bold hardiment,
Whose stubborne rankes with haile shot did abound
And drifts of snow their foe-men to confound,
Whom lustie *Boreas* full of daunting dread
Did vnto boisterous battaile boldly lead:
The middle ward, great *Hyems* selfe did guide,
Who to the field like great god *Mars* did ride:
For on a winged cloud he sate on high
Deckt in strange armour dreadfull to the eie,
Vpon his breast a curace he did beare
Of ycie metrall made, which far more cleare
Then crystall shone: for like the crystall skie
It could subdue the gazers greedie eie,
Thereby his blade did hang in snow-white sheath,
With which he vs'd t'imploy works of cold death
Mong'st those, that needie were, and could not arme
themselues to shun the stroke of his strong arme,
His ycie Helmet powdered with white snow
Great terror and bright glory both did show,
And in the steade of plume stood thereupon
A bunch of ysacles by nature growen;
Which with pure snow being sprinckled diuersly

Did

Did ſeeme to daunce and leape for iollitie:
His ſhield, which at his back parts he did ſettle,
Was neatly fram'd of Diamondlike mettell,
Hewen out of ycie rocks in Scythian land
By nature wrought, and not by Artiſts hand,
On which for badge did ſtand in ramping pride
Cold *Capricorne* the ſhiuering winters guide.
In ſuch like armes was wrathfull *Hyems* clad,
Whoſe lookes a terror to his armes did adde:
His browes contract aboue his gloomie eies,
On which the hoarie hearcs did briſtled riſe,
And *Ioue*-like looke with grim ſtiffe buggle beard
Made his owne powers, that marcht by him, affeard.
To guard his perſon round about him ſtood
Whole hoaſtes of miſts and many a roaring ſloud:
And thus to field the ſecond battell went
Vnder conduct of *Hyems* regiment.
The third *Battalion* to the field did goe
Beneath great *Eurus* ſtandard 'gainſt the foe,
Who being Lord of th'Eaſterne parts, that lie,
Where great *Apollo* firſt doth mount the skie:
Many bold bands of ſouldiers brought from farre;
To ſerue the mightie *Hyems* in this warre;
In ſeruice with him for light horſemen came,
Thoſe light ſwift winged winds, that beare the name
Of *Boreas* and of *Eurus* both; for whom
To ſerue in theſe ſame warres they all were come,
With theſe th'humerous vapors ioyn'd their powers
The gloomie fogs, and duskie drizeling ſhowers,
Whole troopes of drowzie miſtes, of dewe and froſt,
Who of themſelues could make a mightie hoaſt.
And thus did *Hyems* his whole powers diuide,

Which winged were with clouds on either ſide;
Of whoſe approch when *Autumne* firſt did heare,
His heart ſtroke dead, began to faint for feare:
Yet calling mightie *Auſter* to his aide
And gentle *Zephirus*, his part he made,
As able as he could, and boldly went
To fruſtrate winter of his proud intent;
Vnto his aide the King of forreſts all
Came backt with his conſorts, whom ſome do call
The tree of *Ioue*, with whom there came from farre
Fields, forreſts, woods, and groues vnto this warre:
Thus did both parts prepare with all their might
To meete each other in th'appointed fight.
The time being come, before the fight began
Downe from the hilles the torrents ſwiftly ran,
As ſcouts from *Hyems* campe to take ſuruey
Of *Autumnes* hoſt, that in the valleyes lay,
Which all the birds about both neere and farre
Tooke as a warning of th'approching warre,
And for themſelues prouided all in haſt
Vntill the danger of the warre were paſt:
Mong'ſt whom the little Redbreſt with great care
Of *Philomel* her friend did make repaire
Vnto the rock, where ſhe and *Philomel*
This dangerous time might both in ſafetie dwell:
Then came proud *Hyems* forward to the fight
Downe from the ayrie mountaines that are pight
In th'articke ſide, whereas the Dragons traine
Diuides the wrathfull beares by *Charles* his waine:
The battels ioyn'd, and both the hoſts did meet,
Where luſtie *Auſter* cuffe for cuffe did greet
The mightie *Boreas* ſelfe, whoſe verie breath

Did

Did powder-like blaſt other foes to death:
Then came the ſtormes and tempeſts to the fight
In blacke, freſh, gloomie horror all bedight,
With ſmouldering fume, thick driftes of drizeling raine,
Commixt with haileſhot, full of deadly bane,
Who at the firſt their foes did ſoone confound,
Rending vp woods and forreſts from the ground,
Whoſe leauie heads diſperſt about did flie,
Toſt to and fro, like feathers in the skie:
Then to the reskew with the weſterne King
Milde *Zephirus*, came *Autumne*, who did bring
Many ſwift winged winds, who with great might
At firſt incounter did renue the fight:
For many iuſtling clouds, that came in courſe
With bold intent to beare their violent force
Being hem'd in round about, could not abide,
But deadly wounded were on euery ſide,
Who fearing in their cloudie ſhapes to die
In humerous thin drops away did flie:
But now to gaine the glorie of the day,
Loe, *Eurus* came, who at his firſt aſſay
By violent force did end the doubtfull fight
And turn'd his foes into inglorious flight.
Meane time, great *Autumne* tooke his loue aſide,
His faire *Pomonas* ſelfe, whom he did hide
In wooden walles of forreſts, woods and groues,
From mightie *Hyems* falſe inueigling loues,
While he with *Zephirus* and *Auſter* flew
To *Tytans* Weſterne houſe, there to renew
Their powers 'gainſt *Aries* ſhould the yeare recall
To free *Pomona* from great *Hyems* thrall:
Meane time great winter in triumphant wiſe

Ouer

Ouer his captiue foes did tyrannize,
The ſiluer brookes that ſweetly wound about
The pleaſant bankes with wreathings in and out,
With Adamantine-like ſtrong ycie bands,
He faſt did bind within the hollow lands:
The Cryſtall ſprings, that from the mountaines ſide
With pleaſing ſound to ground did gently glide
And brackiſh ſtreames, that guſhed from the rock
With ſtrong congealed froſt he vp did lock:
The flowring fields, woods, hilles and mountaines greene
And valleyes, that before to laugh were ſeene,
In ſtead of freſh greene colour, now were clad
In hoarie hue, that made them looke full ſad;
Yea euery thing, for want of heate halfe dead
In winters thraldome, droop't and hung the head:
Yet all this time of winters wrathfull reigne,
When all things did in deepe diſtreſſe complaine,
Dan Cuckow in the bower of bliſſe did ſing
His ioyfull note, where dwels eternall ſpring:
Where, while that he did liue both day and night
Drencht in the daintie dregs of deepe delight,
With little Redbreſt forlorne *Philomel*
In hollow rock inconſolate did dwell,
Where ſhe poore bird in many a dolefull ſtraine
The Nymphes late vniuſt doome did much complaine,
Which was the cauſe of all her miſerie,
That liu'd before in chiefe felicitie.
The ſtate, which fortune erſt to her did giue
Compar'd to this, in which ſhe now did liue,
Did trebble ſorrow on her dying heart
A freſh reuiuing her forgotten ſmart,
For miſerie to thoſe moſt bitter is,

That

That tasted once the sweets of happie blisse,
Which little Redbrest did perceiue right well
In her companion gentle *Philomel:*
For once when *Philomel* and she together
In hollow rocke sate shrowded from the weather
Still as the Redbrest in sweet notes did sing
A sad complaint for absence of the spring,
So did poore *Philomel* her griefe to show
In sad record recount her former woe:
To whom the Redbrest mou'd with melting pitie
To heare the sad tunes of her dolefull dittie,
These words of comfort spake: (sister) quoth she,
I see that winters blasts dispeasant be,
And in your thoughts renewes the memorie
Of your precedent liues felicitie,
Whereby I know, your sorrow is the more,
That hapless now liu'd happie heretofore:
But now vnto my words your listening lend,
By which perhaps your sorrowes may haue end:
Each yeare, when winter cause of all our woe,
Vpon these woods with cold keene breath doth blow,
From hence compeld I vsually do flie,
To famous *Trynobantum*, here fast by,
Whereas your sister *Progne* builds her bowers,
Safe from the threates of winters stormie showers,
For heauen that heere lookes grim with gloomie face
With milde aspect beholds that happie place,
There, not as heere th'inhabitants do know
Cold winters rage, nor doth proud *Boreas* blow
So sharpe and keene: but in the welkin faire
The milder windes do tosse the gentle aire;
There also many gentle Nymphes do dwell,

That may compare with thoſe that do excell
In beautie bright; for eye did neuer ſee
More faire then in great *Trynobantum* be,
To whom I do not doubt, if that we go,
But they to *Philomel* will fauour ſhow,
And though thoſe Nymphes, that in the bower of bliſſe
Haue their abode, 'gainſt thee haue done amiſſe:
Yet they no doubt will pitie thy complaint
And driue *Dan* Cuckow from great *Trynobant*;
And in our way, as we together flie
Leſt we be deſtitute of company,
In this our iorney with vs well I know
Our neighbours Titmouſe and dame Wren wil go:
Then be not ſad, helpe neuer comes too late,
And time perhaps may turne your froward fate.
This ſaid, ſad *Philomel* no anſwere made
But making doubt of that, which Redbreſt ſaid,
Sometimes ſhe thought it beſt to liue content
In th'hollow rock all danger to preuent:
But when proud *Boreas* blaſts her heart did daunt,
She thought it beſt to flie to *Trynobant*.
Thus diuers doubts did in her thoughts ariſe,
Nor what was beſt to do could ſhe deuiſe,
Vntill her neighbours Wren and Titmouſe came,
Who with perſwaſiue ſpeech her mind did frame
To *Trynobant* with them along to go,
Vnto the faire Nymphes there, her cauſe to ſhow,
To trie if they for *Caſtaes* ſake would chaſe
The vnchaſte Cuckow from their dwelling place:
Thus by perſwaſion of thoſe prettie birds,
The gentle *Philomela* ſoone accords
To go with them, though, as it came to paſſe,

The

The ſequell prou'd their labour fruitleſſe was.
For in their iourney loe, as they did flee,
Taking their couert flight from tree to tree,
Not daring to be ſeene in open skie,
About great *Trynobant* they did eſpie
The ſwift-wing'd ſwallow making her ſtrong flight,
Siſter to *Philomela*, *Progne* hight;
To whom right glad they tooke their ready way
Each one recording her delightſome lay,
Which did ſo loudly echo in the ayre,
That *Progne* heard it, as they came from farre,
And drawing nie to know what it might be
Staying her ſwift ſtrong flight loe, ſhe did ſee
Her ſiſter *Philomel* with other birds,
To whom with wonderment ſhe ſpake theſe words;
(O heauens) what chaunce is this, what ſee I heere
Pandions Philomel, my ſiſter deare?
Alas, what ſad miſhap is now befell,
That you haue left the place where you did dwell,
Great perill, which I wot you little know,
In comming hither, you do vndergoe.
Siſter, (ſaid *Philomel*) no great miſchaunce
Hath happened vnto me, nor ignorance
Of perill in the way hath made me bold:
But forc'd by ſtormie winters bitter cold.
My friends and I haue lately left our home
And for reliefe to *Trynobant* are come,
Where you do liue in chiefe felicitie,
Free from the thrall of winters tyrannie.
Alas, (good ſiſter) *Progne* did replie,
Let not that vaine opinion in your eie
Go currant, which the idiot multitude

Out of blind ignorance doth ſtill conclude,
That meane eſtate is greateſt miſerie
And high eſteeme the chiefe felicitie:
For high or low, rich are not rich indeed,
And great ſtates ſtill on diſcontent do feed.
What dreadfull danger dogs him at the heele,
That proudly vaunts on top of Fortunes wheele?
What daunting dread his Stealing ſteps attend,
Whoſe climing thoughts do ayme at honors end?
Who feares to fall, but he that ſits on high,
Or feeles th'infection of an enuious eie?
For enuy euermore her poiſon ſpits
At thoſe, that moſt in fortunes fauour ſits,
The heauie care, that wounds the mind with woe
Seldome forſakes the giddie feet that goe,
Where treades the ſteps of high authoritie,
So fleeting is this earthes felicitie:
For wauering chaunce about him ſtill doth flie,
That proudly ſeekes to build his hopes on high,
Of which a preſident, I well may bee
Vnto you all, ſuch is my chaunce you ſee:
For fate and nature hauing both decreed,
That I in loftie tops of towers ſhould breed,
While you my happie ſiſter *Philomel*
Should in the woods and forreſts ſafely dwell,
About the bower of bliſſe once did not I,
A long time ſafely build my bowers on high,
Till by my foes, they all were ouerthrowne
And young ones ſlaine, which I ſhall euer mone:
For thoſe falſe Nymphes which ſentence gaue 'gainſt thee
On proud *Dan* Cuckowes ſide, did all agree,
Becauſe beneath the windowes of their towers

My

My cuſtome was to build my ſecret bowers,
That I for euer ſhould be chaſed thence
To ſeeke my fortunes though for no offence:
For loe no crime 'gainſt me they could obiect,
But that becauſe, they ſaid I did detect
Their chamber ſports, and truth to ſay mine eye
Such obſcene ſports did oft times there eſpie,
That very ſhame bids me forbeare to tell
The nuptiall band-breake play, that there befell:
Wherfore from thence long ſince they did me chaſe,
Since when I liued haue in this ſame place,
Whereas you ſay, I build my lowly bowers
Safe from the threates of winters ſtormie ſhowers:
Yet in ſuch feare of thoſe, that vſe to feed
On beauties ſpoile, about whoſe bowers I breed:
That would my fate had been to liue alone
In forreſts wide, though winter made me mone.
She hauing ſaid, this anſwere Redbreſt made:
Certes (dame *Progne*) you haue wiſely ſaid,
For better 'tis to liue we all agree
In meane eſtate content, from danger free,
Then in the blind worlds deem'd felicitie
In trouble, care and minds perplexitie;
But we to *Trynobant* not only come,
For that we grieue at winters blaſts at home:
But ſeeing many a bright cheek'd gentle dame
Dwels heere in *Trynobant* we hither came,
That ſo thy ſiſter *Philomel* might trie,
If they for loue to honor'd chaſtitie
Would driue *Dan* Cuckow from this place with ſhame
And raiſe againe ſad *Caſtaes* dying name.
To this thus *Progne* did returne replie.

Alas (good Redbreſt) thy fraile ſhallow eie
Nought but th'externall *ſpecies* doth behold,
Deeming all things that gliſter perfect gold:
Each winter, when thou hither doſt repaire
Our Nymphes being ſpreetly vigorous and faire,
Thou deem'ſt their minds to be as wiſe and wittie,
As in proportion, they be faire and prettie:
But thou art blind; for do but marke with me
Their witleſſe actions, and thou ſoone ſhalt ſee
Their faire but foule; their wit, but wanton will,
Their wiſedomes quinteſſence loues idle skill,
For heere in *Trynobant* with their conſent
Dan Cuckow ſings his layes with merriment,
Venus no more on *Ida* hilles is ſeene,
In *Paphos* temples, nor *Cytheron* greene:
But long ago hath bid them all farewell
Heere in great *Trynobant* with vs to dwell:
For heere the luſtie Queene of loue adornes
The poore *Ceraſtes* with the welked hornes,
Here the *Propætides* deuoid of ſenſe,
Thoſe women pictures of true impudence,
By the great power of loues luxurious Queene
Are turn'd to ſtones, women no more are ſeene.
For which *Pigmalion* leads a ſingle life
And feares ſtrange things, not daring wed a wife.
She hauing ſpoken, all the other birds
Long ſilent ſtood amaz'd at thoſe her words
Till Titmouſe ſpake, quoth ſhe, what you do tell
Is verie ſtrange and we perceiue right well,
That gentle *Caſta* here ſhall find ſmall grace,
Seeing ſuch ſtrange Nymphes do dwell in this ſame place:
But what doth cauſe them with ſuch impudence

In

In ſpite of modeſties pure excellence,
So much degenerate from heauenly kind?
Sure pinching want doth much oppreſſe the minde:
Or elſe with *Danae* for loue of gold
They kindly ſuffer friends to be too bold.
No certes (ſitmouſe) *Progne* did replie,
Nor loue of gold, nor pinching penurie:
But plentie, pleaſure, eaſe and idleneſſe,
Is cauſe of their deare deem'd voluptuouſnes,
Whereby they oft times rather giue then take
The golden gifts, that minds immodeſt make,
Heere need not *Ioue* come take a ſleepeleſſe nap
With golden ſhowers in *Danaes* louely lap.
For heere our luſtie *Danaes*, if he want
Will ſhower downe gold on him, if he but graunt:
In nights black vaile, he need not hide his head
If he intend to go t'*Amphytrions* bed,
For th'*Alcumenaes* here both day and night
Will meet him any where for loues delight,
If *Daphne* heere do runne, ſhe ſlackes her pace
Till *Phœbus* catch her, whom ſhe muſt embrace,
And heere if louely *Syrinx* do intend
To runne from rugged *Pan*: yet in the end
She ſeeming faint her ſwifter courſe will ſtay,
That ſhe may be the pipe, when *Pan* doth play:
For neither *Pans* high hornes nor rugged beard
Can make the Nymphes in this ſame place affeard.
Fie, fie (dame *Progne*) quoth the little Wren,
In ſooth 'gainſt them, thou haſt too bitter been,
I do not thinke that ſuch incontinence
Can lurke beneath the glorious excellence
Of ſuch rare beautie, which doth ſeeme t'excell

In

In theſe faire dames, that in this place do dwell;
Yet if in them ſuch light demeanor be,
Doubtleſſe they do not make it knowne to thee,
How then canſt thou ſuch things, as theſe relate
With their cloſe deeds not being intimate?
Progne replied; vnwiſely haue you ſaid
Me with vntruth vngentlie to vpbraid;
For know dame Wren, that what I late did ſhow
Is nothing in reſpect of that I know:
For in my neaſt built wondrous by my wit
Beneath their chamber-windowes I do ſit,
Where if your ſelfe were preſent but one day,
You would ſpeake more then lately I did ſay.
For there oft times I do both ſee and heare
Thoſe things that ſhame to tell bids me forbeare.
This ſaid, the other birds all ſilent ſate
As modeſtly forbearing, t'aske of that
Which *Prognes* ſelfe did ſeeme halfe ſham'd to tell,
Vntill at laſt ſpake gentle *Philomel*,
And ſaid (deare ſiſter) hide not what you know;
Becauſe the thing breeds ſhame which thou ſhalt ſhow.
For to the author of the ſin be ſhame,
Not vnto him, that's guiltleſſe in the ſame,
Nor ſhould examples of immodeſtie
Offend the modeſt eares of chaſtitie,
For vertues glorious ſhine, then ſhines moſt bright,
When 'tis oppoſ'd to vice her oppoſite,
As whiteſt things ſeeme faireſt to the eye,
When they be match'd with blacke their contrarie.
Wherefore (deare ſiſter) ſpeake and boldly tell
The ſhameleſſe deeds of dames that heere do dwell,
So ſhall we ſing about the world ſo wide,

That

That which their chamber wals now ſeeme to hide,
Of which perhaps when they hereafter heare
To do the like hence forth they will forbeare.
She hauing ſaid, thus *Progne* made replie:
If that ye will (ye birds) that I deſcrie
And draw the curtaines of the vnchaſte bed,
Where *Mars* and *Venus* hornes old *Vulcans* head,
Come neare and liſten, leſt the obſcene ſound
Of my ſtrange ſpeech do in the ayre abound,
And in the ſame do breed corruption,
From whence may ſpring a ſoule infection
Of thoſe hot furious, fierie, luſtfull beaſts,
That toil'd with luſt, do loath loues vulgar feaſts,
Whom nature cannot furniſh with exceſſe
In kind-like game: but that ſome monſtrous meſſe
They do affect, I will not heere ſpeake much
Leſt I offend; my meaning is of ſuch
As imitate Romes *Semiramida*,
Or that Italian *Cortigiana*,
And put in practiſe th'art of *Aretine*,
At which both heauen and nature doth repine,
And with that Lybian luſtfull foule *Syrena*,
That woman monſter *Dodecamechana*
In *Venus* act deuiſe twelue ſundrie meaſures
With luſtie lads at full to take their pleaſures;
Nor will I tell, though many be of theſe
That with *Athlanta* and *Hyppomenes*
Do *Stalion*-like run madding out of ſeaſon
To quench their luſt, 'gainſt nature and 'gainſt reaſon;
Nor here to ſhew to you is my intent
That execrable ſquirtlike inſtrument,
Which luſt-burnt, fierie, female monſters vſe

In fruitlesse lust, to natures vile abuse:
For these are things not fitting speech of birds:
But best befitting rougheſt *Satyrs* words.
I only here intend to make report
Of that same common counted cuckow sport,
Which by our dames is deem'd a lawfull game,
Though impudence it selfe blush at the same,
(I meane of th'old *Malbeecoes* of our age)
Who iustly beare *Cornuted Vulcans* badge.
In *Trynobant* as to and fro I flie
It hath been oftentimes my chaunce t'espie
An old cold *Ianuarie* iet before
A fresh young *May*, a spreetly *Helinore*,
Vnequall both in yeares and in affection,
And also far vnlike in their condition;
Yet to the blind-ey'd world it did appeare,
That *May* did loue her *Ianuarie* deare;
Which I scarse trusting with a curious eie
Haue closely trackt their steps the truth to trie:
And loe, while he hath set his thoughts vpon
His horded heapes, his *May* being left alone,
He being close at his accounts aboue,
While she beneath sits longing after loue,
In steps me *March* clad like a lustie Knight,
Or pleasant *Aprill* full of sweet delight,
Who in loues wanton art, not wanting skill
Hath slights enow t'assault fresh *May* at will;
But what needs long assault where none doth shield;
For gentle heart she is as prone to yeeld,
As he t'assault, which well this younker knowes,
Though seeming strange a while with her he glose,
For by her touching, stroking, gentle pressing,

Her rubbing, wringing, wreſtling, wanton thruſting,
Coy looking, culling and kind intertaine
He finds enough and knowes her meaning plaine:
For gentle *May* no proffer'd time will loſe,
When as from home old *Ianuarie* goes,
And then the vnchaſte kiſſes common flies,
Which *Hymens* ſtrongeſt nuptiall bands vnties,
Then beautie ſets the eies of luſt on fire,
And fancie breakes forth into ſtrong deſire,
And laſtly luſt doth in a moment ſpace
Make *Ianuaries* browes bud forth apace,
Which neither he, nor any elſe do ſee,
Though it be commonly well knowne to me:
For theſe be obiects common to my ſight,
As in my bowers I ſit, both day and night.
Then ſay ye birds, if in this place can dwell
My ſiſter *Caſta* gentle *Philomel.*
Ay me, quoth *Philomel*, the more my griefe,
That I poore wretch can no where find reliefe:
For where alas, ſhall *Caſta* find a place,
Where proud *Dan* Cuckow ſings not her diſgrace?
Great *Phœbes* name is now extincted quite,
Whoſe fame whilom the golden ſtarres did ſmite,
Where elſe are her faire Nymphes, whoſe beauties blaze
Did decke the world with like to *Phœbus* raies,
Who with the flower of heauenly chaſtitie
Their beauties garland did ſo dignifie,
That *Venus* brat, though deem'd a god of power,
With all his flames could neuer ſcorch their flower?
But now alas, faire *Phœbes* daintie roſe,
Which many Nymphes did in their breſts incloſe,
And with great care did tender it more deare,

Then deareſt life, doth no where now appeare,
Elſe why doth *Caſta* ſuffer ſuch diſgrace,
While that the Cuckow ſings in euery place.
As thus ſhe ſpake, not far they did eſpie,
How proud *Dan* Cuckow to and fro did flie,
Who vaunting in the ayre with outſtretch'd wing
His baſtard note triumphantly did ſing;
At whom the Swallow, Robbin and the Wren,
And Titmouſe, as if they inrag'd had been,
With eager thoughts did flie, whom they in chaſe
A long time did purſue from place to place,
Oft did they flap him with their feathered quils,
And peckt and beat him with their tender bils,
Vntill from out of ſight he quite was fled
And in ſome couert place had hid his head:
But they returning backe, where making mone,
They late had left poore *Philomel* alone,
Loe, they beheld, how ſhe poore bird did ſit
Halfe dead with torment of her wofull fit,
To whom poore birds being mou'd with melting pitie
Each one did ſtriue to tune her dolefull dittie,
Long ſate they ſympathizing in their ſong
The wofull record of poore *Caſtaes* wrong,
Nor of ſweet comfort could they ought partake,
Vntill at length the little Wren thus ſpake:
(My louing friends and fellow birds) quoth ſhe,
Great griefe doth vex your troubled thoughts I ſee:
But fond it is in ſorrow ſtill to dwell
And ſeeke no meanes ſad ſorrow to expell:
For griefe, that breeds deſpaire, nere finds reliefe,
When good aduice doth maſter greateſt griefe;
Then know, that though no Nymph of this ſame place

Nor

Nor of the bower of bliſſe will take to grace,
The forlorne *Caſta*, *Phœbes* only bird,
Yet meaner places may perchaunce afford
Some gentle dame, although of meane degree,
That vnto *Philomel* would gratious be;
And well do I remember, in that place
There wonnes a vertuous Nymph of goodly grace;
Where I do ſafely build my lowly bowers
To ſhrowd my ſelfe from winters ſtormie ſhowers:
In humble cottage ſhe doth ſtill remaine,
The happie daughter of a countrie ſwaine,
And though ſhe liue vpon meane maintenance,
Yet with ſuch grace and goodly gouernance,
She doth demeane her ſelfe, that many be
Of greater ſtate, that want her genterie,
For little would ye weene, that ſuch great grace
Had any lodging in ſo meane a place,
She hath to wit hight *Virgina* to name,
Who though but meane, yet of exceeding fame:
For loe, that Squier, that liues in deepe deſpaire
Of gaining grace of *Columbel* the faire,
Vnto an endleſſe taske by her being ti'd
To wander each where, through the world ſo wide,
To proue how many damſels he could find,
That chaſtely did retaine a conſtant mind,
Did of three hundred dames find but this one,
That vnto loues delight would not be wonne:
Then (gentle *Philomel*) lay by thy griefe,
And of this dame let vs go ſeeke reliefe,
Vpon whoſe boſome thou maieſt ſit and ſing
The virgin beautie of her youthfull ſpring,
Where proud *Dan* Cuckow dares not come in place,

Much leſſe dares ſing his layes in thy diſgrace.
The Wren thus hauing ſpoke, the other birds
With *Caſtaes* ſelfe did like well of her words,
And with the Wren would ſtraight vnto that wood,
Where that ſame virgin dame had her abode:
But gentle *Progne* ſhe muſt ſtay behind,
As being forbidden by the fates vnkind;
Since her in ſhape of bird they firſt did hide,
Nere to frequent the woods and forreſts wide;
Parting therefore from her with weeping eies
Her ſiſter *Philomel* ſpake in this wiſe.
Siſter (quoth ſhe) the ſtubborne fates decree,
That from each other we muſt parted bee:
For thou alas maieſt not frequent the wood,
Nor may I come, where thou haſt thy abode:
For now (aye me) hard hap doth me compell
Vnto the bower of bliſſe, to bid farewell,
And vnto *Trynobant*, where woe is mee
My deareſt ſiſter thou ſhalt liue and ſee
My hateſull foe, *Dan* Cuckow proudly ſing
In my diſpight to welcome in the ſpring:
But muſt we then alas, for euer part,
The thought of which augments our wofull ſmart,
Muſt thus *Pandions* daughters bid farewell,
For euer in the world apart to dwell?
We muſt alas: wherefore compel'd by fate,
Whoſe malice heauen it ſelfe may not abate,
Vnto the world and thee I bid farewell
In deſert woods for euermore to dwell.
Thus hauing ſaid, both did with wofull heart
Each from the other heauily depart,
Sad *Progne* back to *Trynobant* did flie,

And gentle *Philomel* in companie
Of little Redbreſt, Titmouſe and the Wren,
Did take her way far from the abodes of men
Vnto that place, where dwelt that gentle dame,
Of whom the Wren did ſpeake: where when ſhe came,
Of that faire Nymph ſhe found ſuch intertaine,
That neuer more ſhe thence return'd againe.

FINIS.